THOMAS

He and his master walked a thousand lonely roads
    wet with beggars' tears
        rutted by pilgrims' feet
Searching for a Father hidden deep in morning mist

They crossed a thousand white deserts
    littered with the human refuse
        of a world grown rich and mindless
Searching for a Mother burned milkless

They shared a common woolen blanket
    in common silence
        in common poverty
Through a thousand dark nights of despair
    until they learned to love
            the unloved
While righteous men thanked God for their purity

They watched as a thousand bloodless Sundays
    failed to turn the wheel
        to a day of peace
Until the hands that healed little children
    were pierced through
        by men called to holy war
Against the enemies of mediocrity

Then Thomas walked alone, waiting for a better sign
    than the words of callow youths
            cowering behind closed doors
Dreaming of days long past, now gone to memory

Poem by James Baker
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